PLANET COMICS™

BLACKTHORNE INCORPORATED PUBLISHING

No. 1

$2.00 U.S.
2.75 CANADA

A Few Things You Should Know.

I'll never forget my first introduction to Comic Books. It was the summer of 1959 *(a gasp of horror arises from the crowd!)*, and my grandpa showed up one day with this huge box of old books.

"Treasures, my boy!," he exclaimed. "Exotic worlds, action, adventure and danger are in this box!"

When I looked inside, I found close to 300 comic books of just about every type and title available at that time. *(Nowadays, 300 books isn't even one MONTH'S worth! But I digress...)* Funny animals, super heroes, comedy books...you name it. Since my parents thought comic books were only slightly less dangerous than the Communist Manifesto, I hurried them to my closet where I could savor them in safety.

Most of the books in my Treasure Trove were enjoyable but forgettable, and regrettably, disposable. *(They could have commanded a pretty penny today, but who knew? Besides, who needs cute coins?)*. Among the titles that fired my imagination the most were a handful of 1940's Jerry Iger masterpieces, *JUNGLE* and *PLANET COMICS*. "Hunt Bowman and The Lost World" was excellent science fiction, with those wacky pseudo-Nazi bad guys he fought and his nifty ray guns and such. It was MAGIC!

Then, of course, there were the ladies, the classic Sheena and Flamingo. I speak for a great section of the male population when I express my fondest gratitude to those two for pulling us through puberty. We're talking *the* adolescent fantasies of all time, bar none. Is it any wonder these books are still part of my permanent collection?

Cut to November 1987. Theoretically, we're all grown up now; responsible adults doing mature things. We get a call from Caplin/Iger Productions wanting to know if we'd be interested in two new series based on Iger's old *PLANET* and *JUNGLE* titles? YES, we would KILL to do these books. They accepted graciously, and we set about getting the best and the brightes artists and writers for them.

Rather than bore you with the same old hype (It's too late for that, Stephenson!), let me just say you're gonna like 'em, I say-ron-TEE it.

The characters herein aren't super-heroes or mutants or invincible. They're just everyday folks — like you and me — who happen to be thrust into fantastic situations. And *that* is what good fiction is all about. It's not our intention to try and recapture that old style or feeling; those were different times, different people. We're creating our OWN magic here, our own style. And I think it's working.

After all, some day somebody may hand their grandkids a battered box of our *PLANET* and *JUNGLE* comics, so they can discover some treasures and adventures of their own.

I think Grandpa would like that.

John

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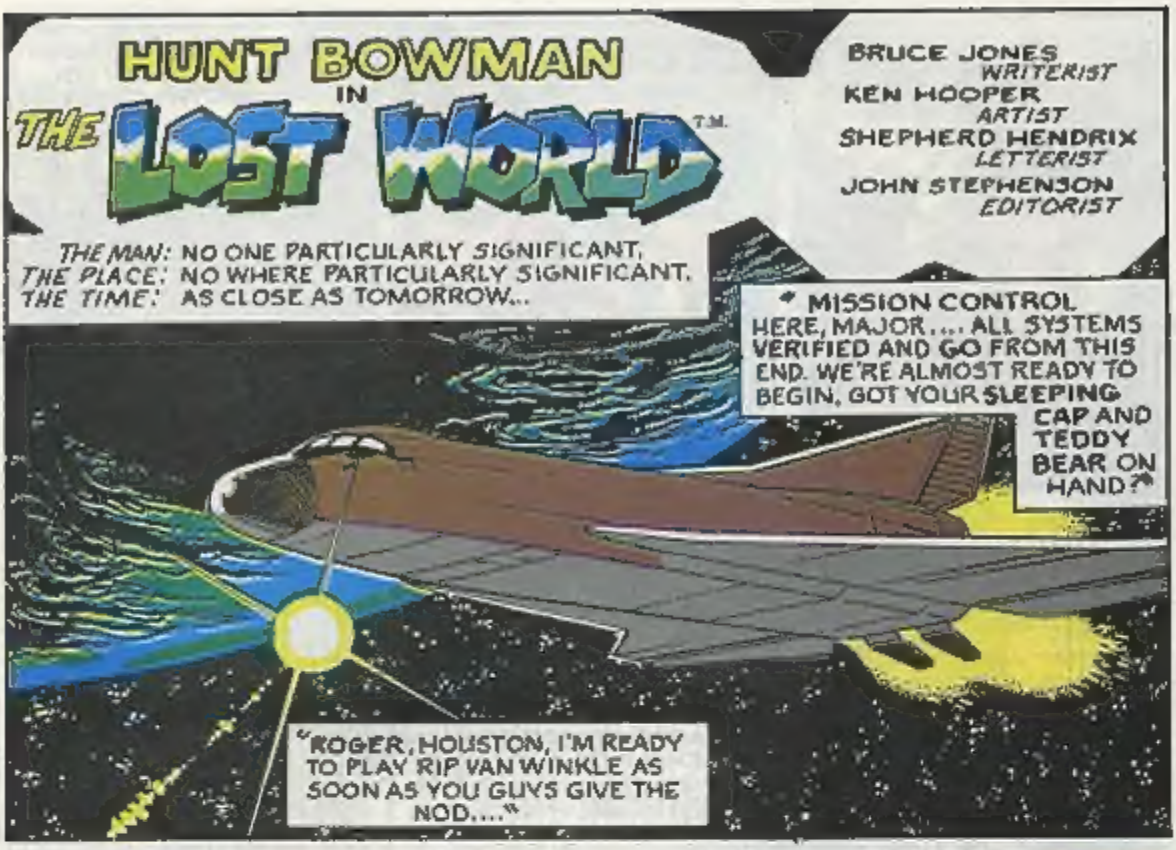
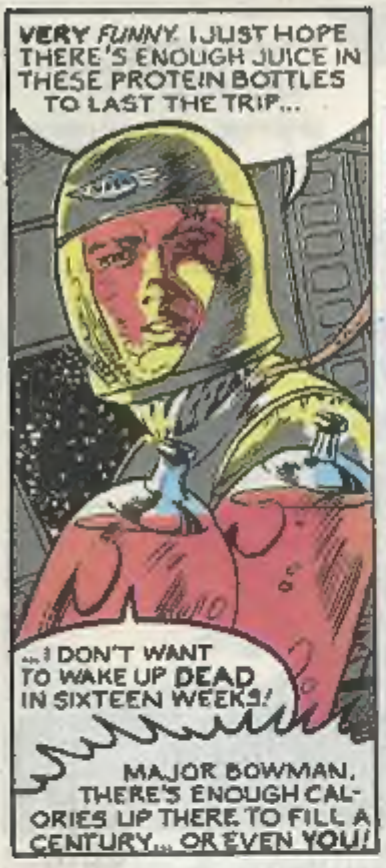
HUNT BOWMAN IN THE LOST WORLD™

BRUCE JONES
WRITERIST
KEN HOOPER
ARTIST
SHEPHERD HENDRIX
LETTERIST
JOHN STEPHENSON
EDITORIST




VERY FUNNY. I JUST HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH JUICE IN THESE PROTEIN BOTTLES TO LAST THE TRIP...
...I DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP DEAD IN SIXTEEN WEEKS!
MAJOR BOWMAN, THERE'S ENOUGH CALORIES UP THERE TO FILL A CENTURY... OR EVEN YOU!

SOMEONE HERE WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, HUNT,...
...BEFORE YOUR SNORING DISTURBS THE ENTIRE COSMOS.
I JUST WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN, MAJOR BOWMAN, ON BEHALF OF THE ENTIRE NATION, FOR HAVING THE COURAGE TO UNDERGO THIS IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT. GOD BLESS YOU!

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, I'LL TRY NOT TO LET YOU DOWN.
IF YOU'RE READY THEN, MAJOR, I'LL START THE DEEP SLEEP PROCESS FROM HERE...

FIRE AWAY, HOUSTON.
I'M INITIATING THE FIRST SERIES OF CHEMICALS NOW, HUNT... REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING: BREATHE NORMALLY, CLEAR YOUR MIND, LET YOURSELF GO...

TALK TO ME, MAJOR... DESCRIBE YOUR FEELINGS AS WE GO...

EYELIDS HEAVY...
...LEGS GOING A BIT NUMB...
...CABIN SEEMS COLD...
THAT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL, MAJOR. OUR INSTRUMENTS VERIFY YOU HAVE ROOM TEMPERATURE.

ANY SIDE-EFFECTS YET, MAJOR?
...NO...JUST PLEASANT DROWSINESS...!...
...WAIT A MINUTE!

MAJOR BOWMAN? WHAT IS IT? ANSWER ME!
...I-LOOKS LIKE... NO!....CAN'T BE!...

MAJOR! TALK!
...NUCLEAR MISSLE...
...FOREIGN...
...ALMOST CLIPPED ME...
...HEADING NORTH AMERICA...

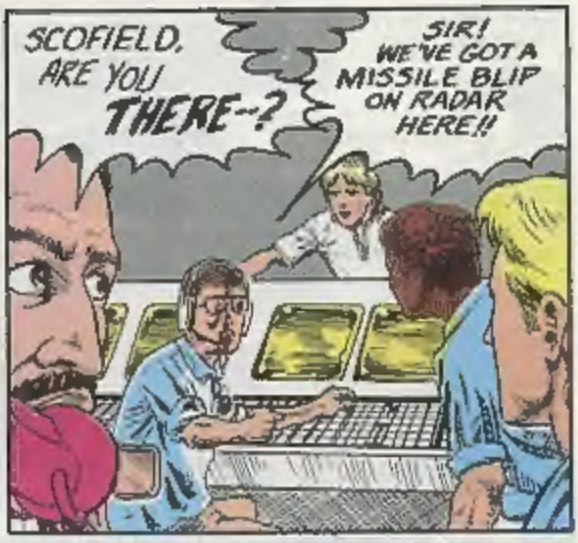
COLONEL WICKER, SIR! WASHINGTON CONFIRMS ENEMY MISSILES WITHIN RANGE AND CLOSING!
GOOD GOD, NO!
JESUS, IT'S HAPPENED!! SHERRYL!

MR. PRESIDENT--
SCOFIELD, THIS IS THE PRESIDENT! YOU HAVE MY AUTHORITY TO IMPLEMENT ALL ARMED S.D.I. SATELITES!
YES, I'LL WAIT FOR CONFIRMATION!

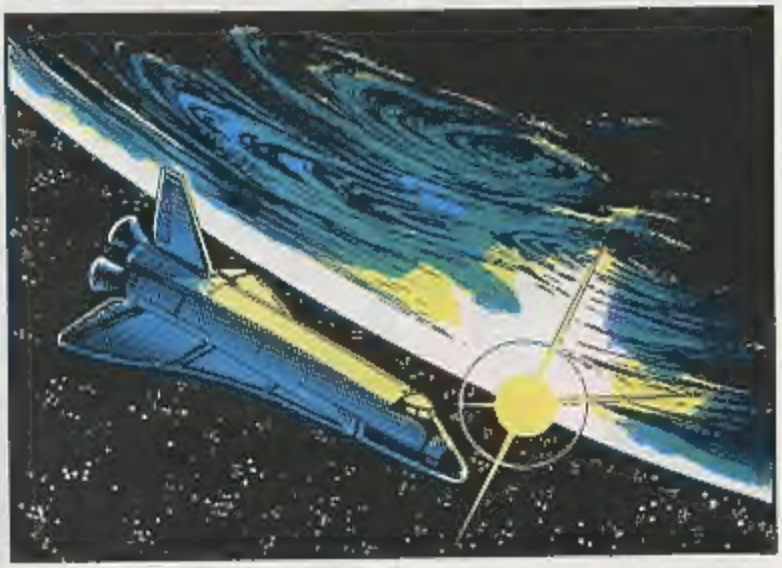
OH JESUS,...
JESUS! LOOK HERE EVERYBODY!

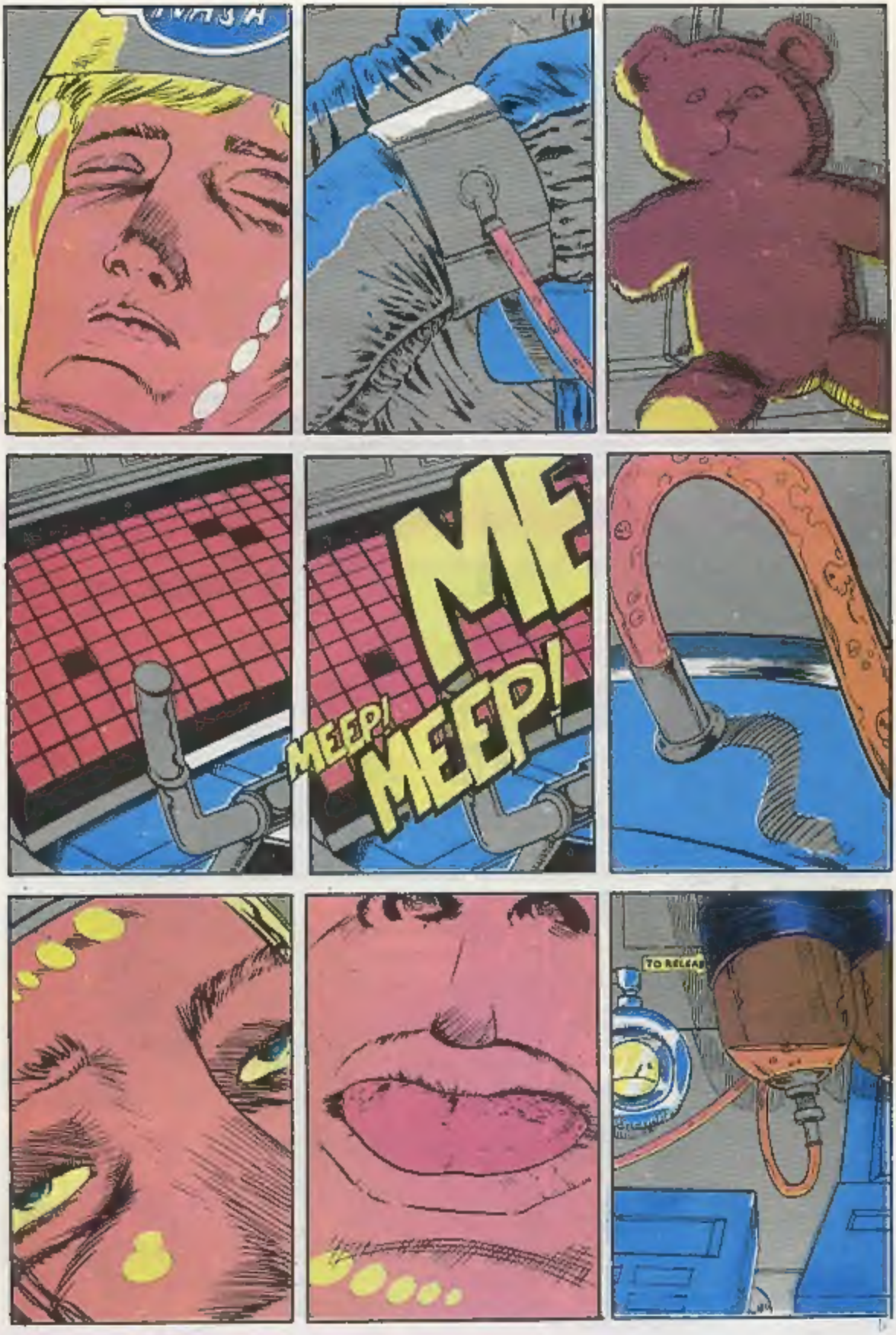
OH DEAR GOD...

WHY THE HELL DIDN'T THE EARLY WARNING SYSTEM WORK?
BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT THEIR OWN VERSION. THAT'S WHY!
SCOFIELD, ARE THOSE S.D.I. SATELITES FUNCTIONAL OR NOT?


SCOFIELD, ARE YOU THERE--?
SIR! WE'VE GOT A MISSILE BLIP ON RADAR HERE!!

MAYBE WE SHOULD--




ME
MEEP!
MEEP!
TO RELEAS

GFDAN...
HOUS-- COUGH - COUGH!
...HOUSTON... COUGH! DO YOU COPY? I THINK WE GOT A MALFUNCTION HERE... COUGH!...
NASA
...ACCORDING TO MY READINGS, THE BACK-UP SYSTEM WOKE ME UP, NOT YOU GUYS. DO YOU COPY?
C'MON YOU GUYS, I'M THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH. MISSION CONTROL, PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE!
--WHAT THE HELL...
OCT. 30 3189
UH... WE GOT A MAJOR WIRING HERE, FELLAS! I HOPE IT HASN'T AFFECTED THE SHIP'S DRIVE SYSTEM! I'D REALLY LIKE TO COME HOME NOW!
GENERAL BURNS? SLAPPY? ARE YOU GUYS THERE?
VAR-OOOOOM
WHIRRRRRRRRRRRF
WELL, THE BOOSTERS WORK, ANYWAY...
IN CASE YOU'RE RECEIVING THIS, GUYS, I'M TURNING THE CRAFT ABOUT, PREPARATORY TO REENTRY.
... OH CHRIST...

SOMETHING VERY SCREWY GOING ON HERE, HOUSTON... I SHOULD E.T.A. IN ABOUT FORTY MINUTES 'N' MAYBE WE CAN KNOCK HEADS AND FIGURE THIS OUT!
THE INSTRUMENTS MUST ALL BE BAD -- THIS CAN'T BE HOUSTON! LOOKS MORE LIKE THE AMAZON! MY GOD, AM I THAT FAR OFF COURSE?
FUEL
OH COME ON, GIVE ME A BREAK!
"A BREAK"-- THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET, BOWMAN!
KA-CHUUNNGGGG
BLAAANNNGGGG

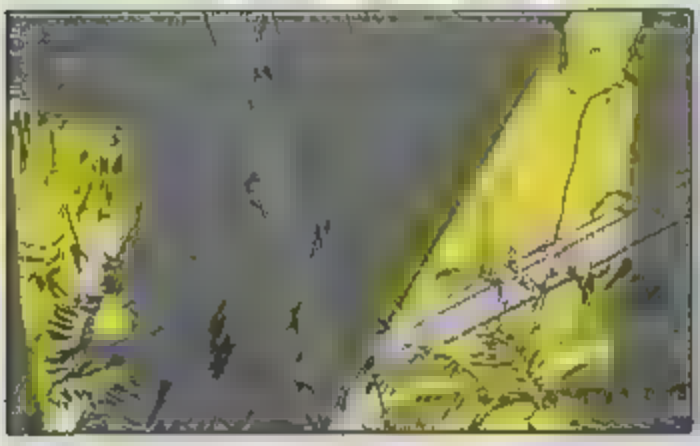
SCREEEEEEEUMMMP!

...GOTTA... COUGH-CHOKE
GOTTA GET... CHOKE OUT...

...GASES EXPANDING... GONNA... CHOKE BLOW!

TWO-GASP-HOURS THROUGH THIS TRACKLESSNESS AND NOT EVEN A HINT OF CIVILIZATION...

GOT TO FIND WATER SOON OR I'LL-
--OH MY GOD!



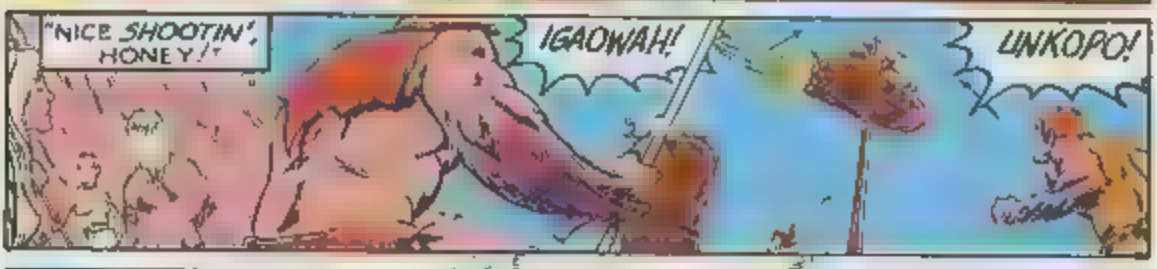
PETE HOBBS SLAPPY SOB.
~ OH GOD IN HEAVEN HELP ME! ~ SOB.

HUH? W-WHO'S THERE?
WAIT! HOLD ON! DON'T GO!
PLEASE! I WON'T HURT YOU!!

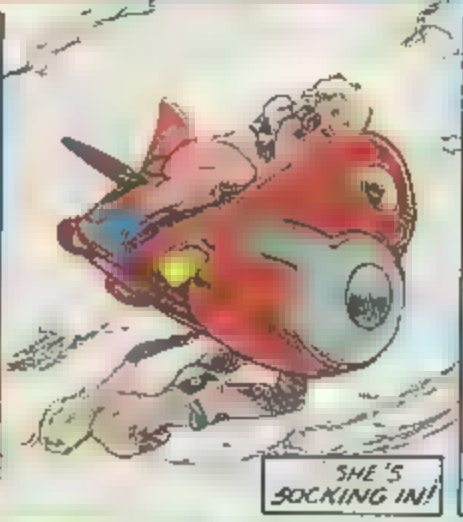
EEEEEEEEEEEE

MY GOD. WHAT IS THAT THING ?.
A DREAM.. THIS IS ALL A DREAM . I'LL WAKE UP ABOARD PROJECT ROCK-ABYE AND THE FELLAS AND ME WILL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH AT ALL THIS.
NOW WHAT ?

PAROOWW!
YAGGH!

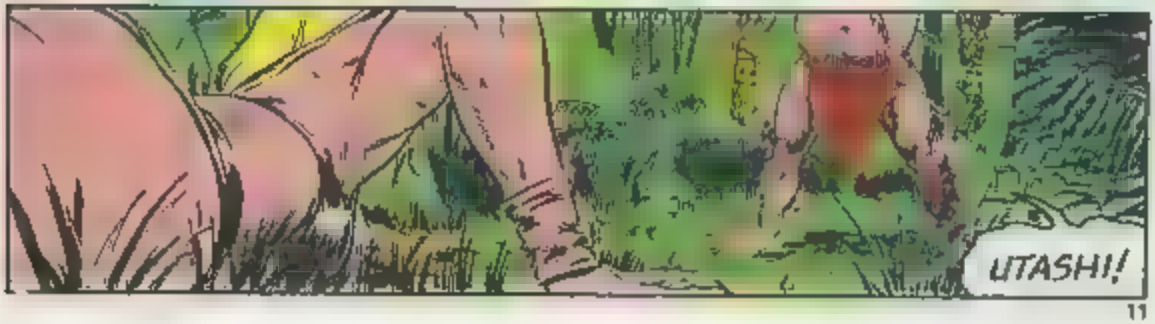

"NICE SHOOTIN', HONEY!"
IGAOWAH!
UNKOPO!

AGHH!
"NO!"


SHE'S SOCKING IN!

GOT TO REACH HER BEFORE THEY DO!

KKREEEE CRUNCH!
UHH!


UTASHI!

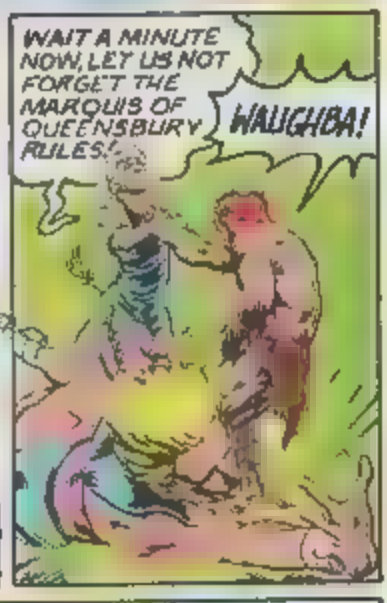
PIM!
PIM!
PIM!
NAGGH!

PARDON ME..

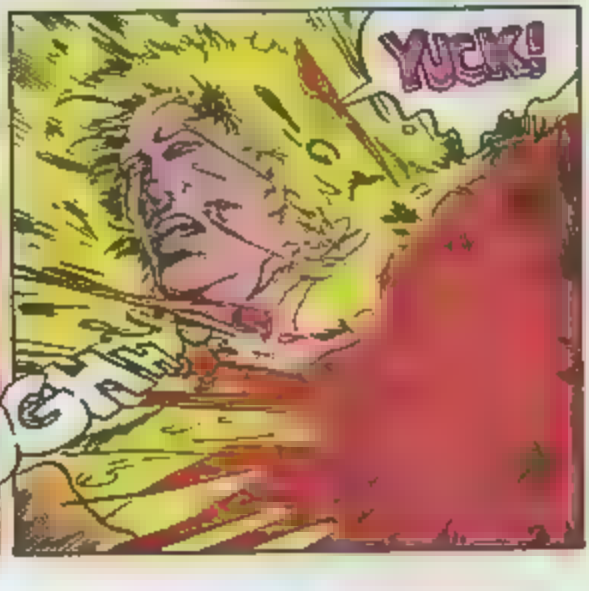
BUT THE YOUNG LADY DOESN'T SEEM TO WANT THIS DANCE!

OWWWW!
CHRIST! I BROKE IT!

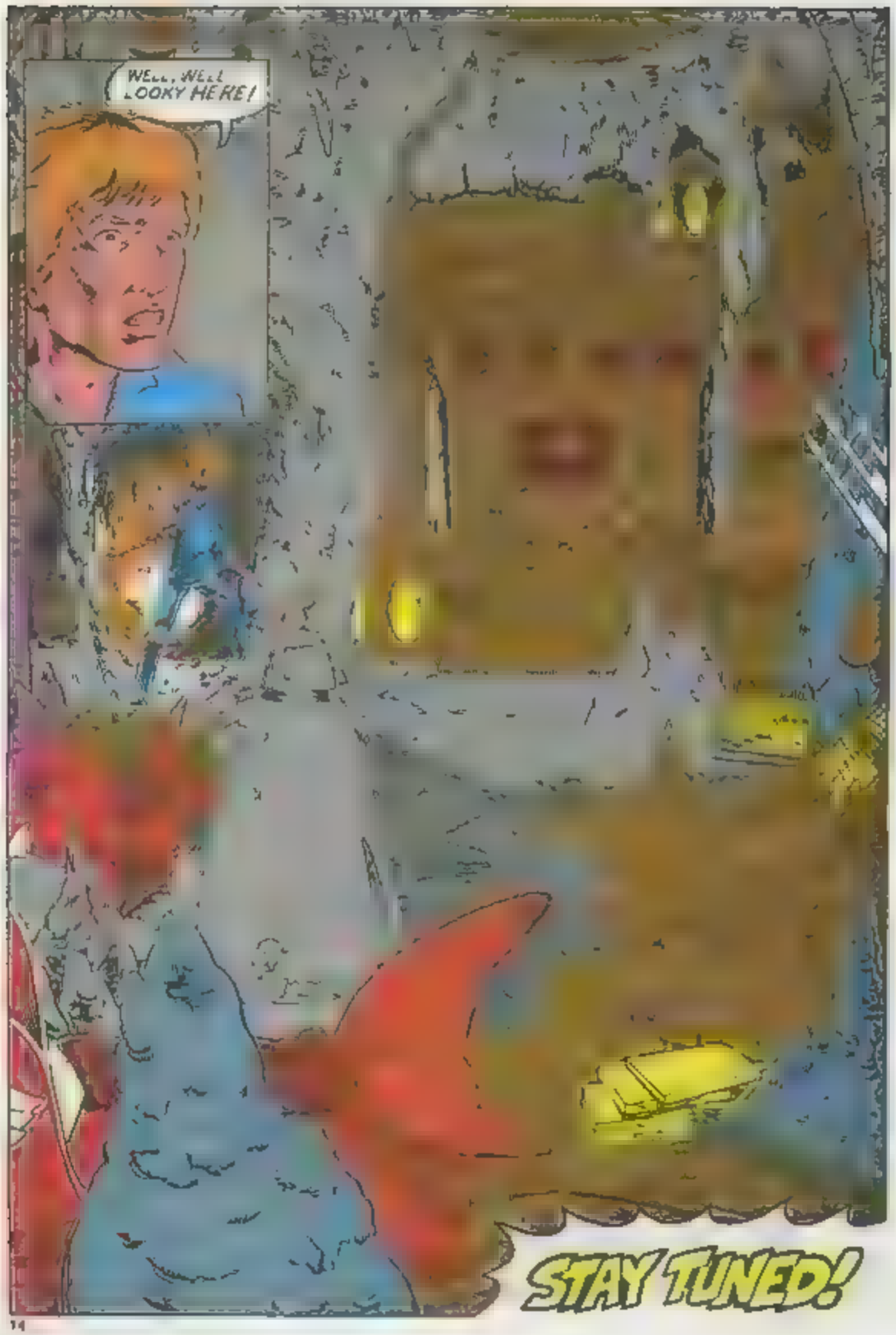
WELL, LIKE MY EX-WIFE USED TO SAY WHEN IN DOUBT--
--FIGHT DIRTY!


WAIT A MINUTE NOW, LET US NOT FORGET THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES!
WAUGHBA!

LISTEN WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A SKINNY BROAD LIKE THAT? I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET A NICE PLUMP HAIRY ONE!
RAUGH!


YUCK!

NICE SHOOTING, SWEETHEART! NOT THAT I COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE GUY, BUT THANKS FOR THE--
SPRAOW
-THOUGHT/
HEY!
STRANGGGGGG!
WAIT A SEC!!
WAS IT THE "SKINNY BROAD" LINE?
WAIT! HOLD ON!
IT'S COMFORTING TO KNOW THAT THE FUTURE HAS IN NO WAY ALTERED THE BASIC FEMALE PERSONALITY!
WAIT UP! ME FRIEND! ME PAL! ME WANT THAT GUN!!
COULD HAVE SWORN SHE WENT THIS WAY.
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?


WELL, WELL LOOKY HERE!
STAY TUNED!

DICK TRACY

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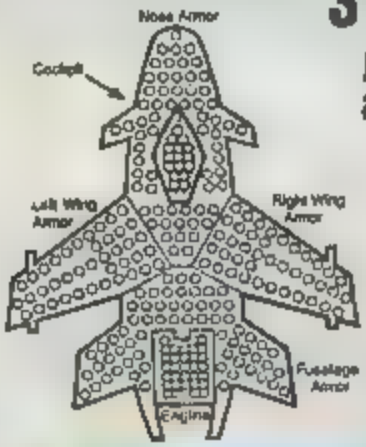

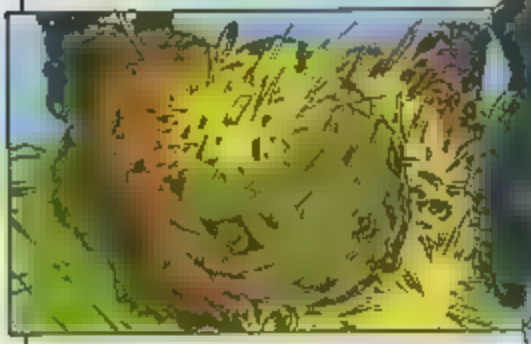

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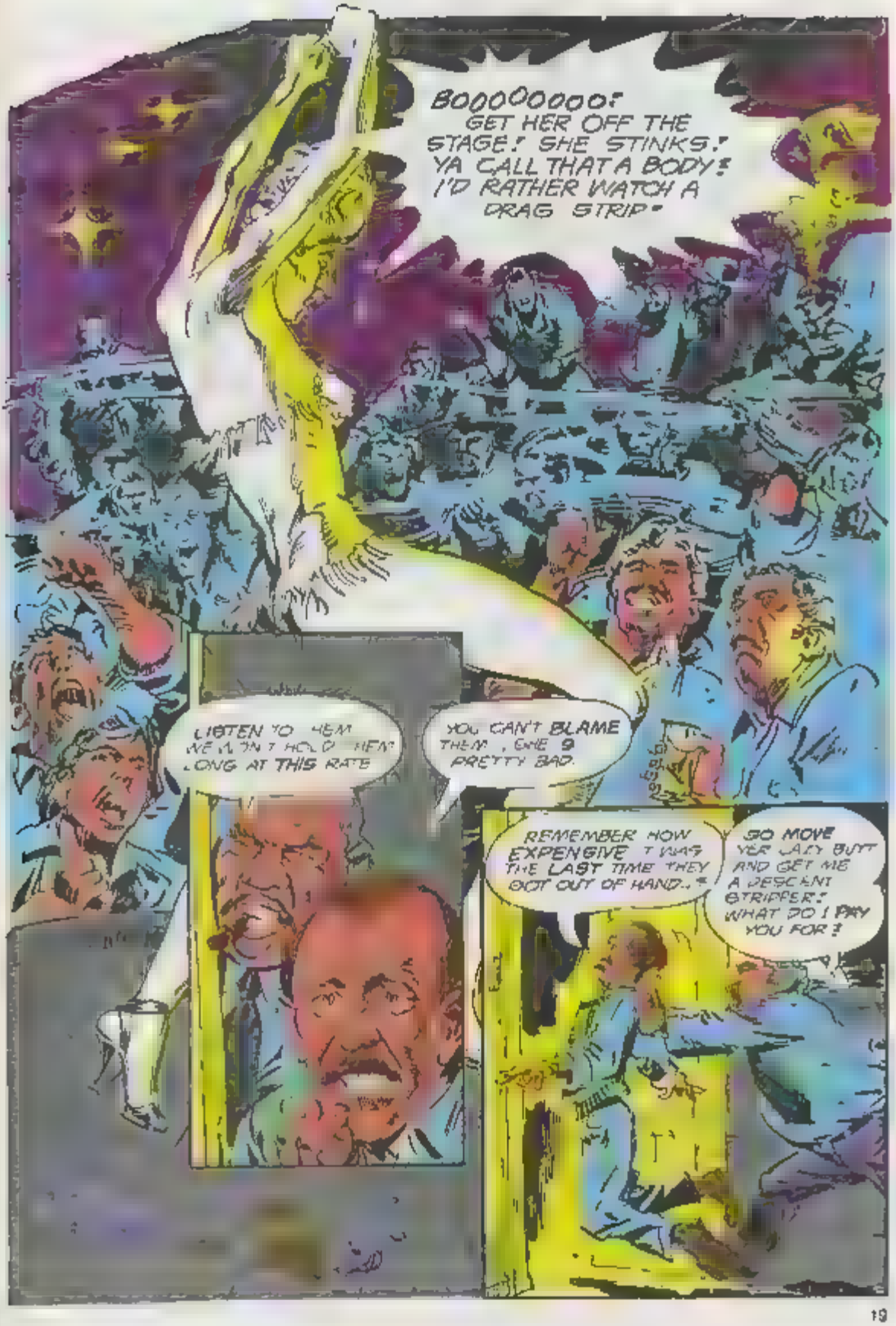
Story by BRUCE JONES Art by RICO RIVAL

NO TIME TO SELL THE HORSES I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE..
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING DAUGHTER?
IF YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO FEED THEM I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF!
THE HORSES HAVE BEEN FED! FLAMINGO WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
PAPA WE NEED MONEY I'M GOING TO GET IT
DRESSED LIKE THAT? NO! YOU GO TO THE CITY! YOU GO TO SHAME YOURSELF!
TO DISGRACE THE FAMILY!
YOU, DEAR PAPA YOU ARE THE ONLY FAMILY I HAVE LEFT! GO BACK NOW AND REST I WON'T BE LONG.
...DISGRACE THE FAMILY.. THE FAMILY.. FAMILY...
TEQUI
MEXICO
POP. 1280


BOOOOOOOO! GET HER OFF THE STAGE! SHE STINKS! YA CALL THAT A BODY! I'D RATHER WATCH A DRAG STRIP!
LISTEN TO HEM WE WON'T HOLD HEM LONG AT THIS RATE
YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM, SHE'S PRETTY BAD.
REMEMBER HOW EXPENSIVE IT WAS THE LAST TIME THEY GOT OUT OF HAND...
GO MOVE YER LAZY BUTT AND GET ME A DECENT STRIPPER! WHAT DO I PAY YOU FOR?

EXOTIC DANCER WANTED
BOOOOOOOO!
GET HER OUTTA HERE!
THAT'S IT! I AIN'T TAKING NO MORE!
YEAH... YEAH, LET'S SEE YER LEGS...
BRING ON THE GHOW! BRING ON THE GHOW! BRING ON THE GHOW!
... UH-HUH... NOT BAD AT ALL. LET'S SEE YOUR KNOCKERS...
MY WHAT?
CHARLIE C'MON! THEY'RE TEARING THE PLACE APART!
OKAY, OKAY YOU'LL DO. TWENTY-SEVEN FIFTY A GHOW. GET OUT THERE AND PEEL!
DO WHAT?
TAKE IT OFF!
HA-HA-HA-HAH!!

S'MATTER HONEY.. NOT USE TO WORKING ON YUR FEET?
HAR HAR HAR!!!
...DISGRACE THE FAMILY... THE FAMILY..

RAYYYYYYYYYYY!!
BRING HER BACK! BRING HER BACK!
MORE! MORE! TNEEEEEET! MORE!
TWENTY-SEVEN FIFTY, YOU SAID.
YOU PLAY BALL WITH OL CHARLIE AND YOU'LL BE ROLLING IN...
I DANCED I EXPECT TO BE PAID
TELL YOU WHAT SWEET BUNG, YOU JUST SIT HERE ON OL CHARLIE'S LAP A MOMENT AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT THE FIRST THING THAT COMES UP. HEH-HEH!
"URK"
NO WAY. YA DIDN'T PEEL. NEXT TIME YO AGVER TOLD, HOT STUFF
BOOM!-- JESUS!
GET HER! SOMEBODY GET HER!!

VAROOOOOOM
LOOP
LOOP

I'LL NEVER OUTRUN THEM IN THIS OLD HEAP ONLY ONE WAY TO SHAKE THEM!

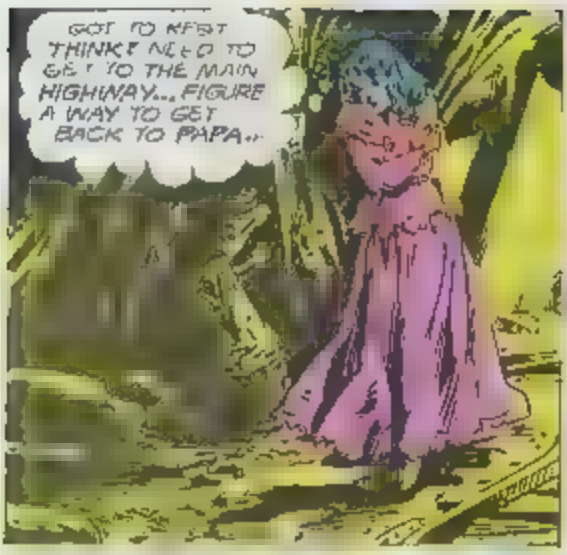
HERE THEY COME HOPE THIS WORKS!

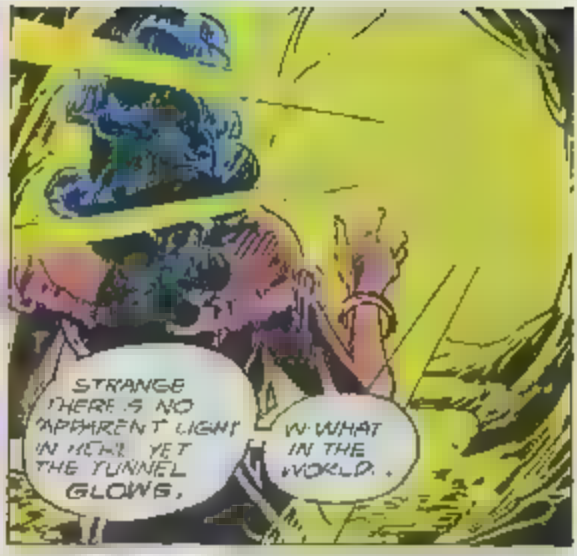
KAROOM
THE'S GONE OVER! LOOK!

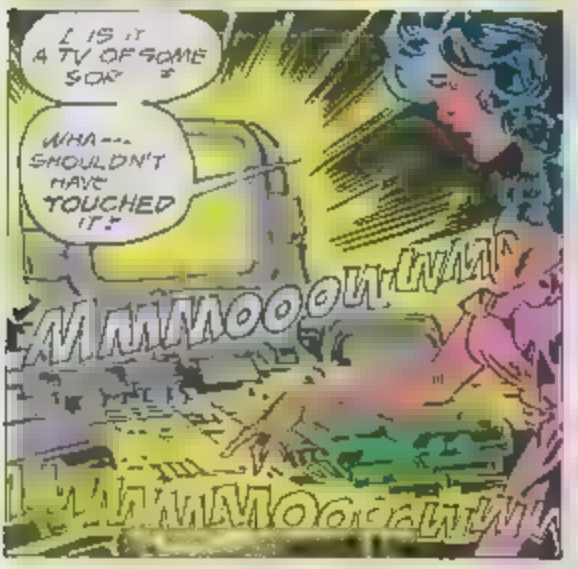
NOW I'VE GOT THE MONEY AND NO CAR TO GET ME TO A DOCTOR
AND EVEN IF I COULD I'M WANTED FOR MURDER! OH PLEASE LET ME DOWN!

AND NOW IT RAINS!! OH GOD, PLEASE!

"KEEP OUT" NOTHING! I'M FREEZING!
KEEP OUT

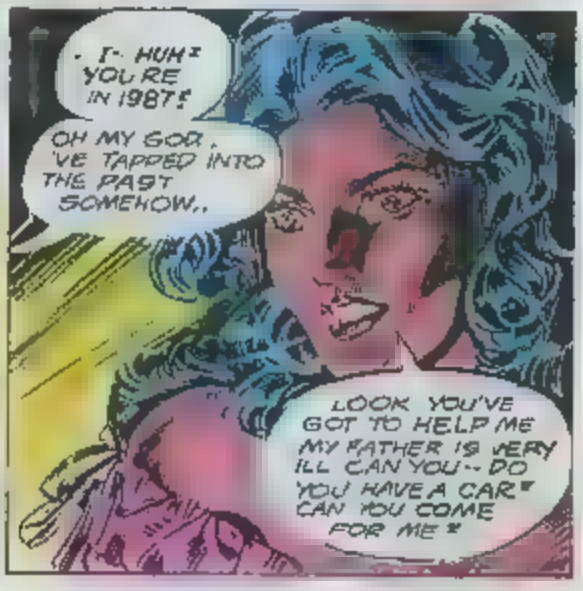

GOT TO REST THINK! NEED TO GET TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY... FIGURE A WAY TO GET BACK TO PAPA...

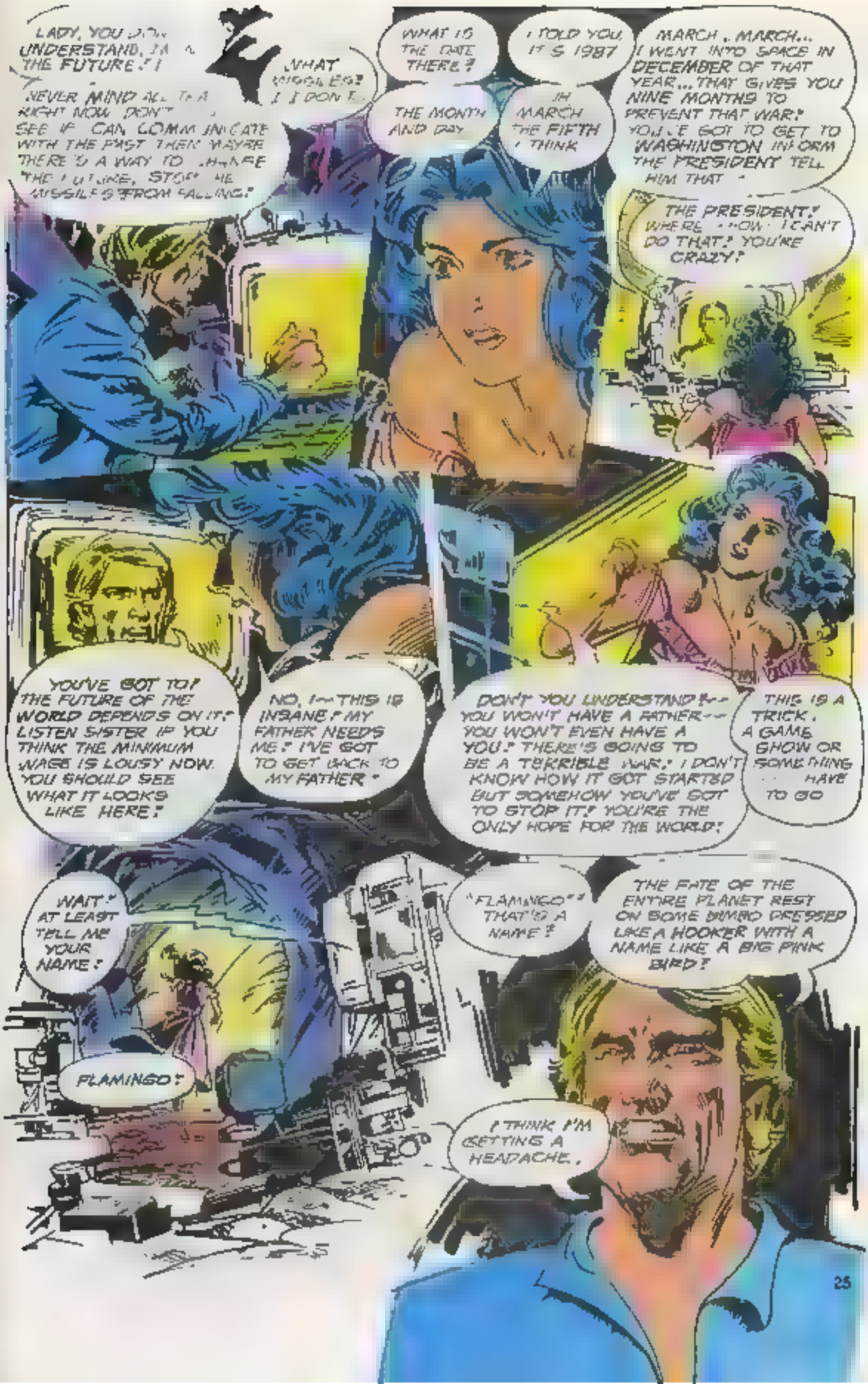

STRANGE THERE'S NO APPARENT LIGHT IN HERE YET THE TUNNEL GLOWS.
W-WHAT IN THE WORLD..


IS IT A TV OF SOME SORT?
WHA--- SHOULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED IT!
WOOOOW

--OWMAN, MAJOR HUNT BOWMAN, UNITED STATES AIR FORCE. DO YOU COPY? DOES ANYBODY COPY? IS ANYONE GETTING THIS?
..UH YES, I..I HEAR YOU. WHERE ARE YOU?

THANK GOD, A HUMAN VOICE! I'M IN A CAVE SOMEWHERE IN A FUTURE TEXAS! I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY BUT I'M NOT FROM THIS DECADE! I'M FROM THE YEAR 1987! SOMEHOW I-
B-BUT THIS IS THE YEAR 1987..


..I-HUH? YOU'RE IN 1987!
OH MY GOD, I'VE TAPPED INTO THE PAST SOMEHOW..
LOOK YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME MY FATHER IS VERY ILL CAN YOU-- DO YOU HAVE A CAR? CAN YOU COME FOR ME?


LADY, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M FROM THE FUTURE!!
NEVER MIND ALL THAT RIGHT NOW. DON'T SEE IF I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE PAST. THEN MAYBE THERE'S A WAY TO CHANGE THE FUTURE, STOP THE MISSILES FROM FALLING!
WHAT MISSILES? I DON'T...
WHAT IS THE DATE THERE?
THE MONTH AND DAY.
I TOLD YOU. IT'S 1987
IN MARCH. THE FIFTH I THINK.
MARCH... MARCH... I WENT INTO SPACE IN DECEMBER OF THAT YEAR... THAT GIVES YOU NINE MONTHS TO PREVENT THAT WAR! YOU'VE GOT TO GET TO WASHINGTON, INFORM THE PRESIDENT. TELL HIM THAT...
THE PRESIDENT? WHERE... HOW... I CAN'T DO THAT! YOU'RE CRAZY!
YOU'VE GOT TO! THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD DEPENDS ON IT! LISTEN SISTER IF YOU THINK THE MINIMUM WAGE IS LOUSY NOW. YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE HERE!
NO, I--THIS IS INSANE! MY FATHER NEEDS ME! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY FATHER.
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND!--YOU WON'T HAVE A FATHER--YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE A YOU! THERE'S GOING TO BE A TERRIBLE WAR! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT STARTED BUT SOMEHOW YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT! YOU'RE THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE WORLD!
THIS IS A TRICK. A GAME SHOW OR SOMETHING... I HAVE TO GO
WAIT! AT LEAST TELL ME YOUR NAME!
FLAMINGO!
"FLAMINGO"? THAT'S A NAME?
THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE PLANET REST ON SOME DIMBO DRESSED LIKE A HOOKER WITH A NAME LIKE A BIG PINK BIRD!
I THINK I'M GETTING A HEADACHE.

G.I. JOE 3-D

The JOES Face Cobra In:
WISH YOU WERE HERE!

Story by
BRUCE JONES
Art by
ADRIAN MORO
&PHIL HANO

#4

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BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING

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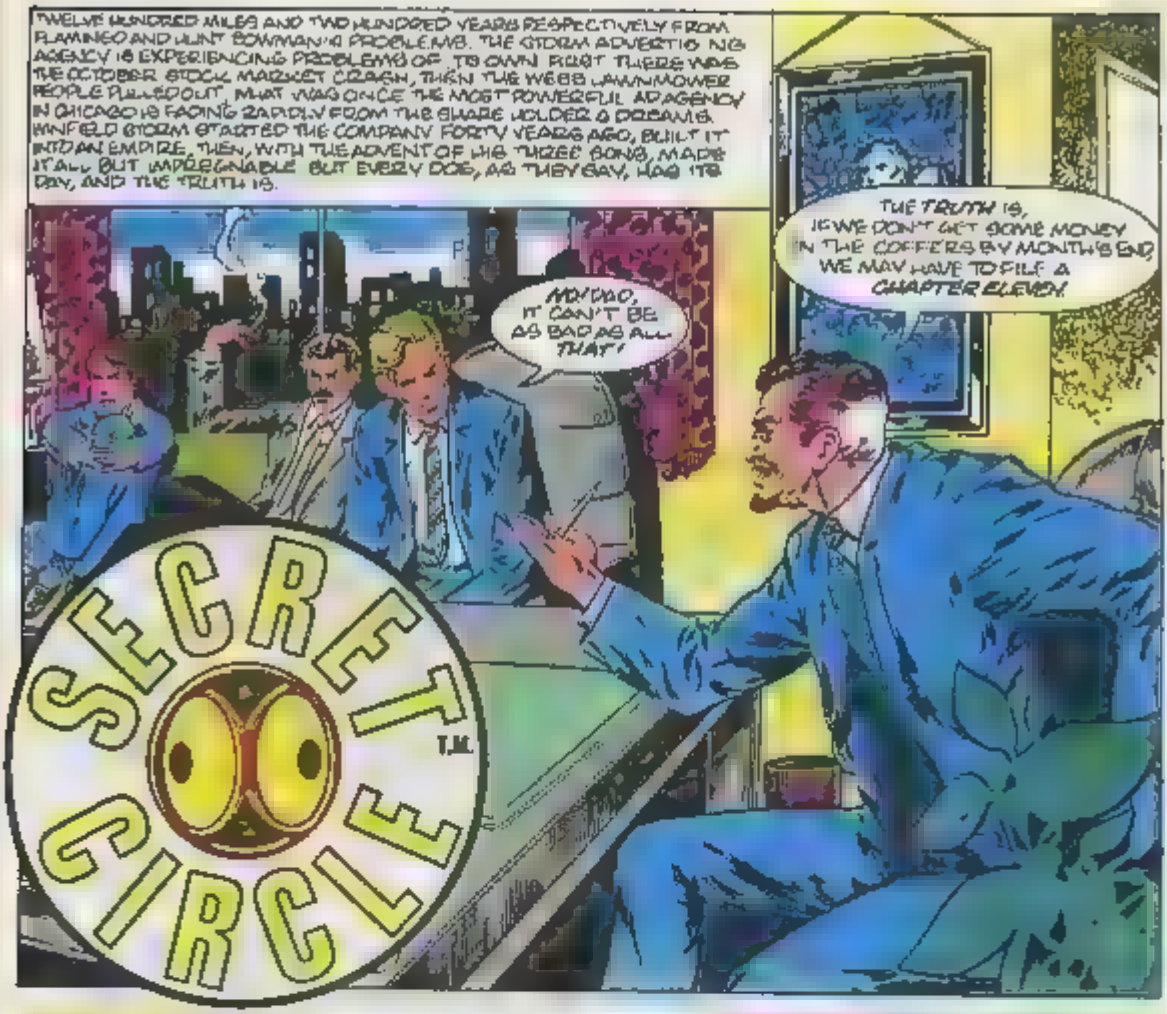
TWELVE HUNDRED MILES AND TWO HUNDRED YEARS RESPECTIVELY FROM FLAMINGO AND HUNT BOWMAN'S PROBLEMS, THE STORM ADVERTISING AGENCY IS EXPERIENCING PROBLEMS OF ITS OWN. FIRST THERE WAS THE OCTOBER STOCK MARKET CRASH, THEN THE WEBB LAWNMOWER PEOPLE PULLED OUT. WHAT WAS ONCE THE MOST POWERFUL AD AGENCY IN CHICAGO IS FACING RAPIDLY FROM THE SHARE HOLDER'S DREAMS. WINFIELD STORM STARTED THE COMPANY FORTY YEARS AGO, BUILT IT INTO AN EMPIRE, THEN, WITH THE ADVENT OF HIS THREE SONS, MADE IT ALL BUT IMPERGNABLE. BUT EVERY DOG, AS THEY SAY, HAS ITS DAY, AND THE TRUTH IS.

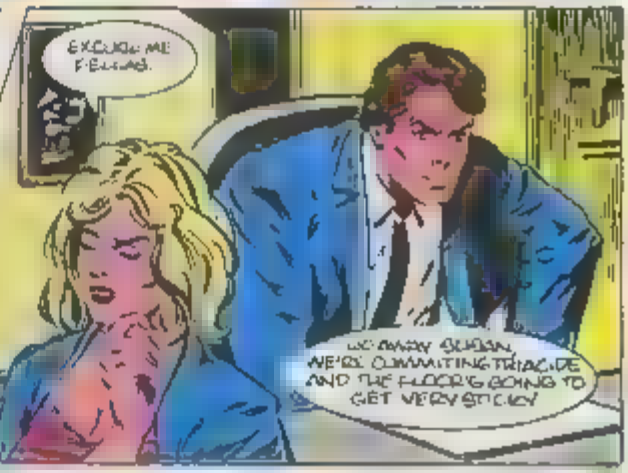


Story by BRUCE JONES Art by ADRIAN MORD Letters by DIANE VALENTINO

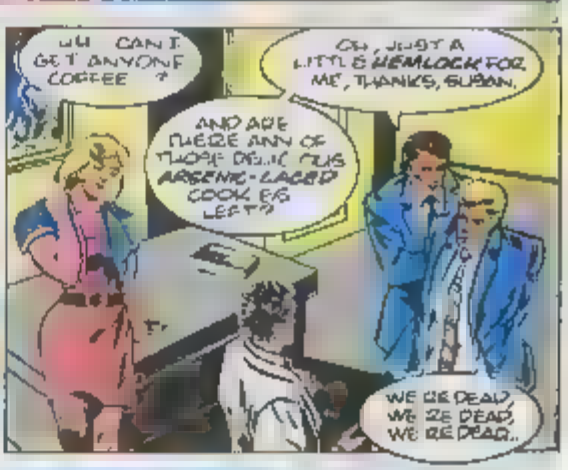
HOW ABOUT THE MAGGIE'S HOUSEWIFE KICKED BANKY AT HER HOME AND SUDDENLY THE ICE BLOWS OPEN AND THE HURRICANE RAGES ACROSS THE DIRTY FLOOR LEAVING IT SPARKLING CLEAN!

--AND CALLS HERSELF THE WHITE TORNADO BELLIN DONE, LAURIN
WHAT IS WE GOT THIS ACID THAT DOESN'T GIVE A BUM YOU KNOW WHAT FILTHY, AND WE CALL HIM MR DIRTY OR SOMETHING? HE WALKS ALL OVER THE HOUSE IN THE DIS GREEN FOR IN THE SINK, IN THE GARBAGE PAIL

--IN HER BED! AND HER HUSBAND COMES HOME AND SAYS "STOP IT YOU TWO, THAT'S ENOUGH" AND THE GUY SAYS "WELL, AFTER ALL, I AM MR DIRTY!!"
STINKS MAC!

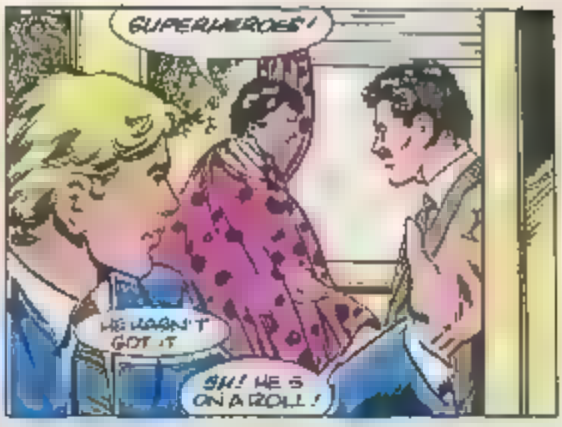

EXCUSE ME FELLAS.
LEAVE SUSAN, WE'RE COMMITING TRIACIDE AND THE FLOOR'S GOING TO GET VERY STICKY

OKAY BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THE LIVID PEOPLE JUST CALLED AND THEY NEED THAT PRESENTATION BY TONIGHT!
WHAT?!

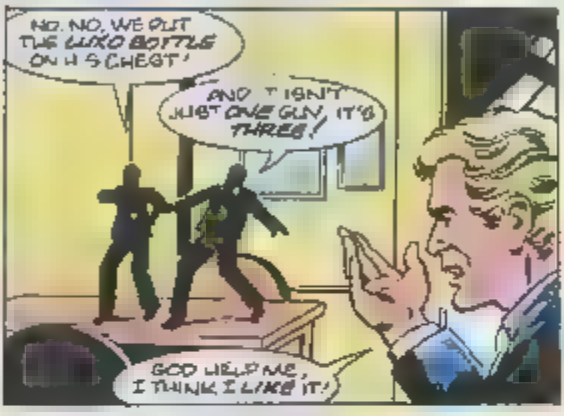

UH CAN I GET ANYONE COFFEE?
OH, JUST A LITTLE HEMLOCK FOR ME, THANKS, SUSAN.
AND ARE THERE ANY OF THOSE DELICIOUS ARSENIC-LACED COOKIES LEFT?
WE'RE DEAD, WE'RE DEAD, WE'RE DEAD..

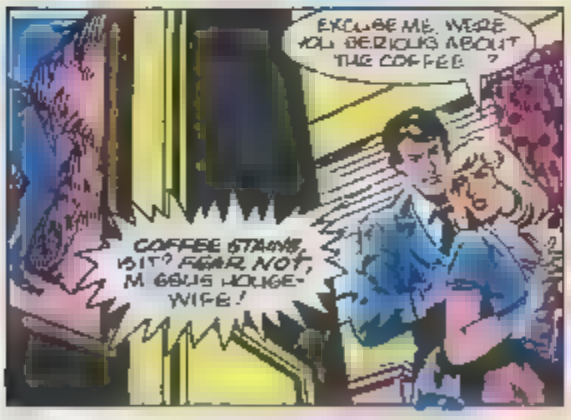
COME ON YOU GUYS, DAD IS DEPENDING ON US! MY PORSCHE PAYMENTS ARE DEPENDING ON US!

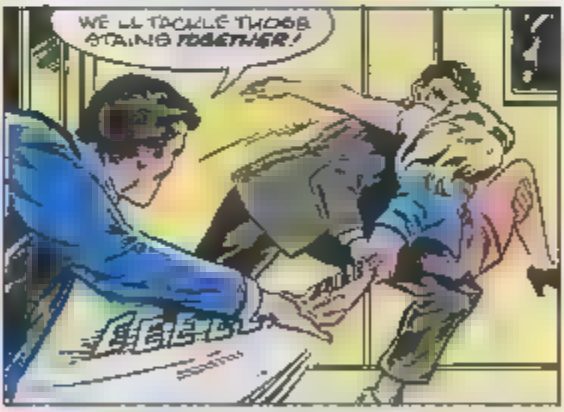
I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!

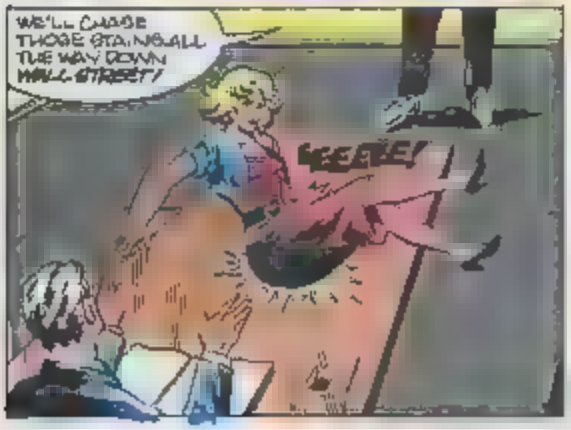

SUPERHEROES!
HE HASN'T GOT IT
SH! HE'S ON A ROLL!

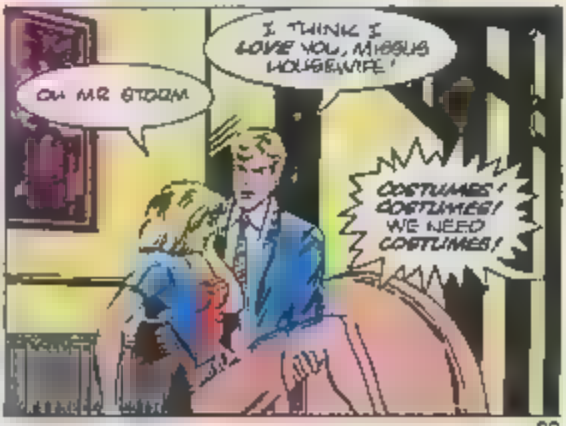
MISSUS HOUSEWIFE CAN'T GET OUT THE GRIME, RIGHT?
BUT LUXO MAN CAN! HE FIGHTS DIRT THREE WAYS!
YEAH! INSTEAD OF AN "S" WE PUT A BIG "5" ON HIS CHEST!!


NO, NO, WE PUT THE LUXO BOTTLE ON HIS CHEST!
AND IT ISN'T JUST ONE GUY, IT'S THREE!
GOD HELP ME, I THINK I LIKE IT!


EXCUSE ME, WERE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT THE COFFEE?
COFFEE STAINS, IS IT? FEAR NOT, MISSUS HOUSEWIFE!


WE'LL TACKLE THOSE STAINS TOGETHER!


WE'LL CHASE THOSE STAINS ALL THE WAY DOWN WALL STREET!


I THINK I LOVE YOU, MISSUS HOUSEWIFE!
OH MR STORM
COSTUMES! COSTUMES! WE NEED COSTUMES!

OH GOD, YEAH, LIKE, THE TALENT AGENCIES ARE ALL CLOSED!
NEVER MIND THE TALENT, WE CAN WEAR THE DAMN COSTUMES OURSELVES!
THE COSTUME SHOPS ARE ALL CLOSED TOO!

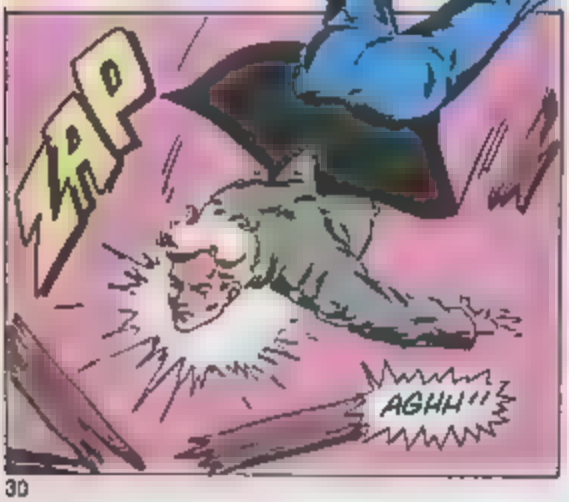
WELL, DON'T JUST DO SOMETHING, GUYS, STAND THERE!
MAYBE THERE'S A USED CLOTHING STORE OPEN OR SOMETHING.
YOU GUYS CALL THE LUXO PEOPLE AND TRY TO STALL THEM TILL SIX. I'LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "MILD TO YOUR HANDS."

CLOSED.. CLOSED. EVERYTHING'S CLOSED!

C'MON, STORM, YOU'RE THAT CLOSE TO SAVING THE COMPANY!

HMMMM ABANDONED. MAYBE THERE'S STILL SOMETHING LYING AROUND IN A CORNER

DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.
CRACK


ZAP
AGHH!!

WHAT IN THE WORLD ?

EUREKA! COSTUMES! THREE OF THEM! NOT EXACTLY DETERGENT BOTTLES, BUT WHAT THE HELL!

A CIRCLE? WHY A CIRCLE?
LISTEN, JUST BE GRATEFUL IT ISN'T A LITTLE PINK BUNNY AND PUT IT ON! WE'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE LUXO PEOPLE GO HOME IN A HUFF!
WHY DO I FEEL LIKE A JERK SUDDENLY?

--AND THEN, LUXO MAN COMES SAILING THROUGH THE WINDOW AND LIGHTS GRACEFULLY ATOP HER KITCHEN CHAIR!

OOPS!

...UH... SORRY ABOUT THAT, I...
SO THEN, HE GRABS THE BOTTLE OF LUXO AND AND WIPES AWAY THE DIRT ON HER WALL WITH ONE--

--(CHOKE) GENTLE SWEEP...
...I... UH...
CHOKE
SO ANYWAY, HE THEN DEMONSTRATES HOW LUXO CAN MAKE FLOORS GROTTLESS, EVEN UNDER LUXO STANDING OBJECTS LIKE REFRIGERATORS AND--

IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE AMUSING?
...UH... CHARGE AND ...THINGS...
I DON'T THINK WE GOT THE JOB SOMEHOW.
REALLY? IS THAT JUST A STAB IN THE DARK, OR WHAT?
OH MY GOD!
LOOK OUT!
CRASH!
SCRUNCH
YOU OKAY, MISTER?
D-DID YOU SEE THAT?
THEY AREN'T EVEN SCRATCHED!!
DID WE JUST GET HIT BY A TRUCK OR AM I STILL BRAIN DEAD FROM THE SALES MEETING?
LARRY...OUR LARRYYYYY!!
WHERE'D YOU GET THE COSTUMES, LARRY?
UH... I MEANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT...
Continued Next Issue.

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